VVhich 1400. yeares ago were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter croſſe:
But this our purpoſe is twelue month old,
And booteles tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore we meete not now, then let me heare,
Of you my gentle Cooſen VVeſtmerland,
VVhat yeſternight our counſell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

Weſt. My liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe
But yeſternight, when all athwart there came
A poſt from Wales, loaden with heauy newes,
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herdfordſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular, and wilde Glendower,
VVas by the rude hands of that VVelchman taken,
A thouſand of his people butchered,
Vpon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameles tranſformation
By thoſe VVelchwomen done, as may not be
Without much ſhame retold or ſpoken of.

King. It ſeemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our buſines for the holy land.

Weſt. This matcht with other like my gracious L.
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did import
On holy roode day, the gallant Hotſpur there
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
That euer valiant and approued Scot,
At Holmedon met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloudy houre:
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horſe:
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.

King Here is deare, a true induſtrious friend
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horſe,

Stainde

Stainde with the variation of e
Betwixt that Holmedon, and t
And he hath brought vs ſmoot
The Earle of Dowglas is diſco
Ten thouſand bold Scots, two
Balkt in their owne bloud, Did
On Holmedons plaines, of pri
Mordake Earle of Fiſe, and elc
To beaten Dowglas, and the E
Of Murrey, Angus, and Men
And is not this an honourabl
A gallant prize? Ha, coſen is it

Weſt. A conqueſt for a Prin

King. Yea there thou mak
In enuy, that my Lord North
Should be the father to ſo ble
A ſonne who is the theame o
Amongſt a groue, the very ſt
VVho is ſweet fortunes min
VVhilſt I by looking on th
See ryot and diſhonour ſtain
Of my yong Harry. O that it
That ſome night-tripping F
In cradle clothes, our childre
And cal'd mine Percy, his P
Then would I haue his Har
But let him from my though
Of this yong Piercies pride
Which he in this aduenture
To his owne vſe hee keepe
I ſhall haue none but Mor

Weſt. This is his vnckles
Malcuolent to you in all a
VVhich makes him prune
The creſt of youth againſt

King But I haue ſent for
And for this cauſe a while
Out holy purpoſe to Ieruſa

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22283) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34